"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

The Veteran's Eldest Son, Vagabond Victor.

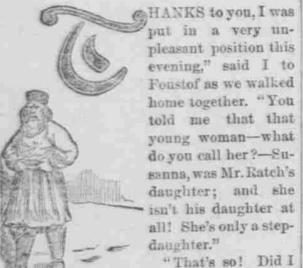
PLAYING DUETS.

A Dutch Hide with Russian Tanning.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

Susanna Ivanovna Plays the Piano for Us.

BY IVAN TURGENIEF. (Translated from the Russian by George Kennan.) IX.



"That's so! Did I say she was his daughter? Anyhow, what's the difference?" "But that old Ratch, Alexander! I don't

like him at all! Did you notice with what significant mockery he looked at her when he spoke of the Jews? Is it possible that she's a Jewess?" Foustof at first made no reply, but quickened his step a little so as to keep ahead of me, his feet crunching the dry, frosty snow with a sharp, intermittent

"Yes," he said at last, with apparent indifference, "seems to me I have heard something to that effect; her mother, I believe, was of Jewish descent."

"Then Mr. Ratch, when he married the first time, must have married a widow?" "Very likely."

"Hm! And the Victor that they referred to to-day-is he also a step-child?"

"No! he's an own son. But you seem to think I must know the whole history of the Ratch family! I don't meddle with other people's affairs-neither do I make a practice of asking questions; I'm not one of the curious kind." I bit my lip. Foustof still surried on ahead, but just as we approached the house I managed to overtake him, and glanced into his face.

"Tell me," said I, "is Susanna really a fine musician?" He frowned impatiently. "She plays the piano well enough; but," he added, with a grimace, "I give you due notice she is very peculiar and shy." He acted as if he were sorry that he had introduced me to her. I said nothing more, and we parted.

On the following morning I went to see Ponstof again. I was getting so into the habit of being with him every day that I was restless anywhere else. He greeted me with his usual cordiality, but with regard to our call at the Ratches the evening before -not a word! On that subject he was as dumb as if his mouth were full of water. I sat down and began to turn over the leaves of the last number of the "Telescope." Presently the outside door opened and another visitor entered the room. It proved to be the eldest son of Mr. Ratch-the identical Victor whose absence from home during our call of the previous day had given so much dissatisfaction to his father. He was a young fellow of 18 or thereabouts, lean and unbealthy in appearance, with a half good-humored, half impudent smile on his dirty face and an expression of weariness and lassitude in his slightly-inflamed eyes. He looked very much like his father, except that his features were not so large and had an attractiveness which the former's lacked. But even in this attractiveness there seemed to be something bad. He was dressed in the most careless, slovenly style. Half the buttons were off his uniform jacket, one of his boots was burst out at the side, and he exhaled a strong odor of tobacco.

"How are you?" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, and with that peculiar jerking up of the head and shoulders which I have always noticed in spoiled, headstrong children. "How are you?" I started to go to the University, but you see I've turned up here. Something's the matter with my chest this morning; it's all choked up; give us a cigar! and without taking his hands out of the pockets of his pantaloons he walked slowly across the room, dragging his feet listlessly over the floor, and threw himself down heavily on the divan.

Foustof introduced us to one another, and we found that we were fellow-students at the University, but in different faculties. "You've taken cold, haven't you?" in-

quired Foustof. "Cold! No; but the truth is"-here Mr. Ratch, jr's., face broadened into what would have been a pleasant smile but for its sudden disclosure of badly-decayed teeth-"the truth is, I was tight yesterday-awful tight! I was that!" he reaffirmed, inhaling a whiff of eigar smoke and coughing. "You see, we were bidding Obikhodof good-by."

"Where was he going?" "He's gone to the Caucasus, and he's taken his beloved there with him, too-you've seen her, haven't you?-the black-eyed one, you know, with freckles. What a fool he is!" "Your father was inquiring about you

to one side. "Yes, I heard of it; and so you squatted

what did you do to amuse yourselves? Play But why did she seem so unhappy? and duets?"

replied Foustof.

play, would she?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Foustof. "Why, who should I mean! Her Highness, Susanna Ivanovna, of course."

one arm in a half-circle over his head, looked at the palm of his hand, and snuffed huskily



"VICTOR." boy was not worthy of notice.

XI. old idiot does? He actually calls the roll as being characteristic of nervous people. before every lecture! And still he claims "Well, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Ratch, strikto be a liberal! If I had my way I'd put | ing himself a ringing "spat!" on the back | all such liberals in strait-jackets and shut side of his right hip; "you see you've caught 'em up in some insane asylum!" Then us at work! Susanna Ivanovna and I were turning his whole body and face toward looking over accounts. My wife, you know, Foustof he said, in a half-whining, half- isn't very strong in arithmetic, and my eyes

or other explain my case to the old gentle- kept in order." man? You play duets with him, you know, what does that amount to! It don't keep | catch a flea.' Ha-ha-ha!"

Foustof looked askance at Victor and re- excuse us?" he said, turning to me. plied hesitatingly: "Well, all right, I'll talk to your father-and-if-in the meantime- | let me embarrass you for a moment." you need-perhaps I can let you have a

deal better to softsoap the old man. Still," added Victor, reflectively scratching his nose with all five fingers, "if you could, you know, you might just give me 25 roubles. How much do you say I owe you now?" "You've had 85 roubles, I believe," said

"Yes; well, then, this will make 110. I'll

pay it back to you all at once." Foustof went into the next room, brought out a 25-rouble note and handed it to Victor in silence. The latter took it, yawned from ear to ear as he said "thank ye," and then stretching out and contracting his arms and body as if he had been sitting in some tiresome and constrained position, he rose lazily

"Foo-oo-oo!" he exclaimed with another vawn, "it's sort o' lonesome here, seems to me; guess I'll go over to the 'Italy," and he started for the door. Foustof's eyes followed him with an expression of mingled eagerness and irresolution, as if he wanted make up his mind to do it.

"What annuity was that you spoke of, fun the time. Ha-ha!" Victor Ivanitch?" he finally inquired, just | "What's this, 13 roubles and 30 kopecks?" tor stopped on the threshold and put on his ling his back upon me.

ovna's; she gets an annuity, and there's a told her that you said he might have it." most curious story connected with it, too. I'll tell you about it some time; it's a rich Ivan Demyanitch; "wasn't I there myself? thing, batooshka! But the old gentlemandon't forget to pitch into the old gentleman, about it! And where did those 17 roubles please! He's got a thick hide, you know-a | go?" regular Dutch hide, and it's had a Russian tanning besides; but you can prick him through it if you try hard, only don't do it | that for?" before my step-mother; he's afraid of her, and she's stingier, if anything, than he is. door slammed behind him.

"What a worthless scapegrace that boy is!" exclaimed Foustof, turning away from me to hide his hot, flushed face. I said nothing, and soon afterward took my leave.

All that day my mind was occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, with thoughts of Fonstof, Susanna, and her relatives. I felt a vague, curiosity-rousing consciousness that I was witnessing the evolution of a domestic drama. As far as I could judge, Foustof regarded Susanna with a yesterday," observed Foustof. Victor spit much deeper feeling than mere friendly interest; and she?-did she also love him?

by our campfire yesterday, did you? Well, A Moscow restaurant.

what kind of a woman was she? All these awfully demure and prim before the new vis- | so I gave myself up to my own fancies and itor (nodding his head toward me). Wouldn't | conjectures. It ended in my going alone to call on the Ratches the following afternoon. Ivanovna, did you hear? Eins! zwei! trei!" ened to say, with an air of assumed compos-No sooner did I open the door and find myself in the dark, narrow hall of Ivan Demyan- reply. itch's house than I began to feel embar-Victor stretched himself out into a still rassed and ashamed. There flashed through more comfortable attitude on the divan, raised | my mind the thought that perhaps Susanna would not show herself at all, and that I should just have to sit there and talk to to clear his nose. I glanced at Foustof. He | that detestable old "veteran" and his kitchen-scullion of a wife. "And even if she "what then? She wasn't particularly cordial to me the other night-it isn't likely that she'll be any more so now; and what have I come for, anyhow?" While these thoughts were passing through my mind the boy who came to the door had run to announce me, and I could hear in the ad-"What?-How's that?-Who do you say?"

It did not relieve my embarrassment any Victor having disposed of his body and | to feel sure, as I did, that Mr. Ratch, while limbs to his entire satisfaction on the divan, | politely inviting me to come in, was mennow fixed his eyes meditatively on the ceil- tally consigning me to the devil. Hewever, ing and began to talk, deliberately and with | there was nothing to do now but go in. I obstructed nasal enunciation, about the followed my host into the parlor, and there theater-about a couple of actors whom he at a small table, with a household expendiknew-about a certain "Seraphine Seraphi- ture book before her, sat Susanna! She novna," who had "fooled him," and about raised her large, dusky eyes to my face for the new professor in the University, an instant as I entered, and then dropping whom he emphatically denounced as a them again began to bite the ends of her fin-"beast!" "Because, what do you think the ger nails-a habit which I have often noticed

trouble me so much that I have to take care "I'll tell you what I came to ask you, Al- of 'em; so I let the rising generation do

"Certainly! certainly!" I replied; "don't her hands resting in her lap.



THE SONATA.

"Eleanora Karpovna gave that to Victor,"

"Why! don't you know? Susanna Ivan- she replied, in the same subdued voice; "he "He told her-that I said," repeated I should think she might have asked me me."

> "To the furniture dealer." "Oh! To the furniture dealer. What was

"On account." and began to run his finger along the lines. "Furniture dealer! furniture dealer! on

account!" he muttered in a tone of dissatistaking off his spectacles, "we won't bother with it any more to-day-we can go over the stuff some other time. Susanna Ivanovna, be so good as to put the account-book away in its place; then come back, if you please, and favor our esteemed guest with some selections upon your beloved instrumentin other words, give us something on the

Susanna turned away her face. "We spent the evening as we usually do," questions came up again and again in my should like very nuch to hear Susanna the face. In the depths of her dilated, unmind, but I felt instinctively that it would Ivanovna play; but I wouldn't trouble her swerving eyes there smoldered the dim, in-"And she, I suppose she pretended to be not do to go to Foustof for answers to them, for the world if she doesn't wish to."

turn, but in a few moments she reappeared, I take my stand on the side of the younger without having even changed her dress, and seating herself in one corner of the room gave herd,' of course, but I must confess that I me two or three long, earnest, attentive looks. never listened to anything in my life which Whether she was that day in a softer, more delighted me and impressed me so much as does make her appearance," I said to myself, compliant mood than usual, or whether she saw in my manner toward her the deep respect which I could not help feeling, and which viciously upon me. "And what makes you was stronger than even my curiosity or my sympathy, I do not know; but she suddenly rose, went to the piano, and laying her hands | that we care anything about having you in irresolutely upon the keyboard turned her our camp? We don't want you, my dear head half around over her shoulder toward | sir! We should respectfully decline your joining room the voice of Mr. Ratch ex- meandasked what I would like. Then, withclaiming in a tone of surprise and bewilder- out giving me an opportunity to answer, she freedom, and let him that is saved rejoice in ment, as if he did not quite understand, seated herself at the instrument, took out his own salvation.' As for the two generaher notes, opened the sheets hurriedly and | tions, that's all very true. It's a hard thing began to play. I had always leved music for us who are old to live in harmony with Then followed the shuffling of loose slippers across the floor, the door partially opened, and been sensitive to its influence, even as a you young people-very hard. We don't and in the aperture appeared the face of child; but I knew technically very little agree in anything; neither in art nor in life about it, and if Mr. Ratch had not mur- nor in morals-especially in morals! Isn't Ivan Demyanitch-an unshaven, bristling, mured disapprovingly, "Aha! wieder dieser that so, Susanna Ivanovna?" Susanna's ill-natured face-bent upon me with an expression of surly inquiry. Mr. Ratch evi- Beethoven!" I should not have known what lip curled with a contemptuous smile. Susanna had chosen. It was, as I afterward dently did not at first know me. In a moment, however, the hard lines in his counte- learned, the famous Sonata in F minor, Opus on moral questions do not agree and never nance relaxed, the eyes softend into recogni- 57. Susanna's playing thrilled me with an can agree." Her lips trembled a little, and simply shrugged his shoulders, as much as | tion, and he exclaimed-"Ah! my esteemed | indescribable delight. I had not anticipated | a threatening expression crossed her face. to say that the foolish talk of the vulgar | friend! It's you! Come in, please! Come | so much power-so much fire-such skillful,



THE DEFIANCE.

on her cheeks, and her small ears reddened | man Ratch yet!"

day," continued Mr. Ratch, suddenly knit- my leave; "I know you now." ting his brows, "but compared with the lamented Field \*-Tfoo! They're nothing! too-too 'and 'tra-ta-ta' is only fit for scholars' am!" exercises! Da braucht man keine Delicatesse! Pound on the keyboard; that's all to ask him something, but could not quite for fun'; but we generally reverse the order you've got to do. Never mind how or where; possible from this "good-hearted" man. of things, and give business the moment and something will come of it! Tfoo! Janit scharen musik!" (Ivan Demyanitch wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.) "But as the latter was going out of the door. Vic- he said, in an undertone, to Susanna, turn- I am not finding fault with you, Susanna Ivanovna; you played very well, and you

musn't take offense at what I say." "Every one to his taste," replied Susanna Ivanovna, in a soft, low voice;" and as for your remarks, Ivan Demyanitch, you must be aware that what you say doesn't disturb

"Oh, certainly! Of course not!" replied Mr. Ratch, sareastically. "But don't sup- Not requiring but desiring that you keep this pose," he continued, turning to me, "please don't imagine, my dear sir, that our indifference to one another's remarks is an evidence | Since your induction your construction seems to be of Christian love and charity-a proof of our "On account? Show me!" and taking saintly goodness and amiability! Not at But you'll know how to manage it; you're the book from Susanna he set a pair of round all! It's not that; but, you see, Susanna without assuming or presuming we are watching a diplomat yourself-good-by!" and the silver-mounted spectacles astride his nose Ivanovna and I hold our noses so high that-O! O!- 'our hats fall off behind,' as the Russians say. We're so lifted up by our own selfconceit that we think no criticism can reach | Corporal Tanner, faction. "H'm! All you seem to think of is us! Egotism! my dearsir, egotism! Even we how to get the money out of the house! I have our weaknesses!" I listened to Mr. suppose you're glad to get rid of it! Wie die Ratch with surprise and bewilderment. For the sayings and obeyings all our party must Croaten! On account!! However," he added There was bitterness and spite in every in a loud voice, turning around to me and word that he uttered-in every tone of his voice; and it was evidently the bitterness | To keep moving it's behooving that the pledges of long-cherished hate. He tried to close his laugh, but could only achieve a hoarse, spasmodic cough. Susanna did not vouchsafe a And you can mellow for a fellow who has an honword in reply, but her figure slowly stiffened into an attitude of defiant erectness as she \* A German composer-reputed originator of the

raised her head, folded her arms, turned "I should be very glad," I said hastily. "I | fully around and looked him squarely in extinguishable fire of ancient hate. It be- | Operations "Trouble? Noncense! it's no trouble!" | came painful to look at them. "You belong exclaimed Mr. Rutch. "Well, Susanna to two different musical generations," I hast-Susanna went out without making any | ure, as if I noticed nothing unusual in their behavior, "and for that reason it is not strange that your tastes disagree; but you I did not much expect that she would re- must permit me to say, Ivan Demyanitch, that generation. I'm only one of the 'vulgar the - as that piece which Susanna Ivanovna has just played." Ratch turned think," he cried, his face still purple from coughing, "what right have you to suppose services with thanks! 'Let the free keep his

"As you say," she replied, "our opinions

"Exactly! Exactly!" assented Mr. Ratch. dashing execution. The very first measures | "I'm not one of your transcendental philosophers. I don't pretend to be able to take such a high, misty view of things; I'm nothing but a plain, straightforward man myself -a slave to my old-fashioned principles." Susanna again smiled.

"If I remember rightly, Ivan Demyanitch, you have, nevertheless, been known to act occasionally in entire independence of what other people call 'principles.'" "Wie so?-that-is how-what do you

mean-I don't understand," "You don't understand? Are you, then, so forgetful?" Mr. Ratch seemed to lose his self-possession.

"I-I-" he stammered. "Yes, you! Mr. Ratch."

There was an instant of silence. "But stop! Hold on there, if you please!" he exclaimed, recovering himself; "how dare

Susanna suddenly rose, drew herself up exander Davidovitch. Can't you somehow part of the work; ha-ha! Business must be of the impetuously-passionate allegro made to her full hight, pressed her folded arms my nerves tremble with that strange, half- | tightly against her breast, and looked him "However," he added, "it isn't a thing sweet, half-painful thrill of pleasure which defiantly in the eye. She was evidently atively harmless raid-a scare, in fact-the and he'll listen to you. Just think! All he that it's worth while to hurry about; you is the soul's involuntary recognition of challenging him to combat. Her whole atgives me is five bluebacks a month! And know 'it don't pay to hurry if you only the overmastering power of beauty. If I titude suddenly became one of attack. A had dared I would have sighed. I did not strange, terrible beauty irradiated her face, me in tobacco; and still he keeps saying Susanna closed her book and was about to move a muscle to the very end. I was sit- a cold glitter like the flash of steel lighted 'don't run in debt! don't run in debt!' I'd leave the room, but Mr. Ratch stopped her, ting almost directly behind Susanna, so that the depths of her dusky eyes, and the lips just like to put him in my place a little exclaiming; "Hold on! hold on there! What I could not see her face, but I watched half which a moment before had been soft and while and see what he'd do! I don't get an if you're not dressed for company—that's unconsciously the sliding of her long hair tremulous, hardened into a straight, inexora- all commanders for information, such could annuity, either, as some people do." (Victor nothing," (Susanna had on an old worn dress across her shoulders as her figure swayed bly stern line. Susanna had thrown down speke the last three words with significant | with sleeves that were too short for her, slightly to and fro, and followed the swift | the gantlet, but her adversary, after one emphasis.) "Besides, he's got plenty of which looked as if it had originally been movements of her half-bared arms and her quick glance into her face, thought best to money-I know-he needn't play Lazarus | made for a child)-"never mind your dress! | slender, delicate fingers as they darted hither | decline the challenge. He lowered his head, with me-he can't fool me with any such our esteemed friend here won't be critical, and thither along the keyboard. The last gathered his feet up under him and coltrick as that-he's got his own nest well and we'll just go through the accounts of notes finally died away in silence, and I lapsed like a suddenly-emptied bag. The week before last before we stop. Will you breathed a long, deep sigh of pleasure. "veteran of 1812" was cowed-there could Susanna continued to sit at the piano, with | not be a doubt of it. Susanna turned her

eyes deliberately from him to me, as if call- utterly inadmissible. Besides, he was in-"Ia, Ia!" observed Mr. Ratch, who had ing me to witness the completeness of her "Exactly, my dear sir; you understand also listened attentively - "Romantische victory and the humiliation of her enemy, and how it is. You know our lamented Emperor | musik! - that's all the style lately. But | then smiling again, for the last time left the "No! No! What's the use? It's a good Alexe Mechaelovitch Romanof used to say why don't you strike the notes accurately, room. The veteran sat for a moment silent 'there's a time for business and a moment | eh? What makes you come down on two | and motionless. Then, as if suddenly rekeys at once with the same finger, hey? | membering his forgotten role, he started, That's the great trouble nowadays. Every- sprang up, clapped me on the shoulder, body seems to think that it's necessary to and exclaimed with his resonant laugh: play fast, so as to bring the music out hot; "Ha-ha-ha! See that, now! That young for their timidity of action and their want hot music, eh? Hot pan-cakes!" he sud- woman and I have lived together for the last denly shouted, imitating the cry of a street | 20 years, and still she doesn't know to this peddler. Susanna turned half around to- day when I am joking and when I'm talkward him, so that her face was presented to | ing seriously! And you, too, my esteemed | his praise of his troops, and whose hurrahs me in profile. Her delicate eyebrows were friend, looked at me, I thought, rather duslightly raised; there was an uneven flush | biously. You see, you don't know the old one of his chief deficiencies was a lack of

"Yes I do," I thought to myself with of a knowledge of what they could do; of "I've heard all the great masters in my | mingled fear and disgust as I rose to take

"You haven't found him out yet-you don't understand him!" he repeated, rub-Zero! Das war ein Kerl. Und ein so reines bing his stomach as he accompanied me into Spiel! And his composition—it was most the hall. "I'm a rough, battered old fellow! beautiful! But this new music-this toot- -ha-ha!-but I'm good hearted-by-, I mea, with those of de Joinville, Paris and

> I rushed headlong down the steps into the street, only anxions to escape as quickly as To be continued.

TO CORP'L TANNER.

BY R. I. PATTERSON,

19th Ind., "Iowa Brigade," First Division, First
Corps, Army of the Potomac; Williams Post,
G.A.R., and Walterhouse Camp, Sons of Veter-

Corporal Tanner. We like the manner, the feeling you express. It is teeming full of meaning to your comrades in Every region has a legion of the loyal line of blue

Not deceiving but believing we have a friend in manly course; Not rejecting but expecting you will put the law

without a flaw. In your ruling without fooling of complicated

every hour All the pledges and alleges of our party now in power.

Keep your banner floating proudly in the air; t will cheer you and endear you to good people

For our ravings and our cravings that we may only have our own. you have taken savagely sarcastic rejoinder with the usual | Be a token bravely spoken, shall never be forsaken. Keep revealing kindred feeling, for you've felt the

> ored scar. Corporal Tanner, hang your banner high on the outer wall;

shock of war,

Do your duty without booty, and we'll bless you, one and alk

Virginia During the

McCLELLAN'S Jackson Seems to Have Par alyzed Little Napoleon.

LEE'S DEFEAT.

Jackson's Shenandoah Troops of Little Service.

BY DR. HENRY CAPEHART, LATE BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COM-MANDING THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, KNOWN AS CUSTER'S.

have defeated Lee taken Richmond, and

the direction Jackson was now moving, and as we have seen Shields had suggested. Lee | and filled them with sharpshooters to keep could make such movements with impunity. McClellan feared them when made by Lee, but was too timid to consent to them on his own behalf. He wanted all the help taken to him by water. It was safer for the troops, to be sure, but at the same time it was safer for the enemy. What the lingerers and Lincoln's detractors have denominated "Stonewall Jackson's great flank movement" was in reality but an eccentric and compareffect of which was so stupendous that that of the Washington authorities was as nothing. It has been claimed that our commander was deceived as to Lee's numbers. It is incredible that, with balloons for observation and the common facilities open to have been the case. Moreover, the President detected McClellan in understating his own numbers. It is certain, however, if his fearful imagination did lead him astray, that a General with any pretentions to ability cannot be found who ever before ran away from the enemy without first finding out his great superiority. Such a plea from a soldier is formed with enough accuracy of Jackson's condition and numbers to have precluded undue fear of him. Odious as it may appear, it seems that one of his most trusted coun-

THE BOURBON ORLEANS PRINCE DE JOIN-VILLE,

of a family that have been principally noted of force of character, and who have been the byword of Europe for generations. Notwithstanding that McClellan was lavish in he dearly loved, there can be no doubt that confidence in the Union volunteers; a want their real intelligence; of their supreme courage; of their capacity to endure; of their willingness to suffer, to die if need be, for the cause they had espoused. This characteristic-European-is fairly attributable to his aristocratic associations of the Cri-Chartres, his apologists and fellow-detractors of the manly man, Lincoln-and whose biographies he wrote. There is much very interesting history yet unpublished, if sad hibited such timidity on McClellan's part that and deplorable, concerning the Peninsular be was encouraged to try again. Cons campaign, with McClellan's attitude during ly it was arranged with Jackson for another the progress and arrival of the scarecrow Jackson in the vicinity of Richmond, and in flank with the troops he had brought with his course for the protection of the gunboats on the James; but it is only necessary for the purposes of this paper to make a meager reference to that part of it having relation to Jackson, and the real bearing of the Shenandoah operations on Lincoln's part, which have hitherto been so generally condemned

and beclouded. As late as the 20th (three days after Jackson's departure) Lincoln said to McClellan: "We have this morning sent you a dispatch of Gen. Sigel corroborative of the proposition that Jackson is being reinforced from Richmond. This may be reality, and yet may be only contrivance for deception, and to determine which is perplexing. If we knew it was not true we could send you some more force; but, as the case stands, we do not think we safely can." Lincoln was well satisfied, too, of McClellan's predominating numbers. The same day Burnside (south) made a splendid suggestion: That he could attack Petersburg in five days with 7,000 men. McClellan would have none of it : he wanted the troops behind his fortifications, but they could not be brought to him for 10 days. Then the rebels at Richmond got up | my immediate left I do not know, and am glad a scare for the poor man which exercised I do not. Those that did come out were much him terribly. They published that Beauregard was on his way to Richmond with his to believe that the greater part never left the army from the West. In a few days they sent through the lines a contraband, who said he saw Beauregard arrive in Richmond with intervals after partial repulses), continued until

his troops. This was duly communicated to Washington by McClellan, who added: "This only serves to corroborate previous information received from several sources."

In the meantime rumors reached him of the approach of the terrible Stonewall Jackson. He still hesitated, his knees trembling. calling for more men. On the 25th he said to Mr. Stanton, preparing to justify himself for running: "Jackson will soon attack our right and rear. Every possible precaution is being taken. If I had another good division I could laugh at Jackson. The task is difficult, but this army will do its best, and will never disgrace the country. Nothing but overwhelming forces can defeat us. A contraband servant confirms in a remarkable manner the story of Jackson being on our flank, and his intention of attacking." With such ample notice he seems to have

UTTERLY PARALYZED WITH FEAR. We have seen that Shields and Kimball did not think of running, even when attacked by Jackson on their flank without preparation, at Kernstown. Not to speak of our great commanders, one of whom we know INCOLN'S campaign, said, "I hope there now will be an opporthen in the Valley of tunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outthe Shenandoah, if side of its fortifications," Gen. Fitz-John not as complete as he Porter, unquestionably the ablest and most had the right to ex- energetic of McClellan's five corps commandpeet, was a success ers, says: "We did not fear attack if made after all, the real facts by the forces from Richmond alone; but in having been covered addition we were to be attacked by Jack-Cap by Jackson and son's forces, and we felt that we should be those interested in in peril." After following Jackson through keeping them back; the Shenandoah, it would be only natural and had he been to expect similar eccentricity on his arrival guided by his own in the vicinity of Richmond. His incomgood judgment and petency was so marked as to excite general that of Shields, comment among the Confederate Generals, Schenck and Milroy, and is even admitted by his grossly partial instead of deferring biographer; but he was forced to admit it to the advice of his because it was patent to them all. His professional soldiers, Shenandoah operations were not under their his lingerers and de- eyes, and they took for granted what Jack-

tractors, he would son and the newspapers said about them. At last the dust in the distance raised by Jackson's straggling rabble (it was certainly ended the war in the | no better) was seen, and all uncertainty was at an end. Then they made immense shahings of timber in the direction he was coming him off. It took him 10 days to reach his destination; but he agreed to make an attack on the flank of Porter, composing the right wing of our army, on the afternoon of the 26th, in conjunction with Lee, on Porter's front. All Lee's movements, apart from Jackson's, were clearly apparent as Porter admits and as appears by the records. Lee, trusting to Jackson's co-operation, attacked Porter in an impregnable position near Mechanicsville with the bulk of his army, under Longstreet and the Hills, and met a bloody and disastrous repulse (Gen. D. H. Hill says) from Porter's artillery and about 5,000 of his infantry; Lee losing between 3,000 and 4,000 in killed and wounded, according to Longstreet; Porter, 361-Jackson failing to put in an appearance. One would think that this magnificent success would have stiffened our commander's back. No, it was the shadow of Stonewall Jackson they feared. They had seen the dust of his creation, making it certain that he would soon be near; and that night was initiated the most shameful and unnecessary retreat on the part of the commander of a great and

heroic army to be found in the annals of war. During the night the right wing, under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. evacuated its strong position, carrying off the siege guns by hand, for a weaker one, though formidably strong, but easier to retreat from. To do justice to an officer who has been more virulently assailed than any other of the war, Porter did not suggest the withdrawal, and required considerable persuasion to back out. Such was their high opinion of Stonewall Jackson's terribly aggressive energy, that very serious fears were entertained lest they might be cut to pieces by him in attempting the movement.

Jackson the next morning blazed away with his artillery that we saw in the Shenandonk, after his accustomed manner, from a long distance, toward the flank and rear of the position Porter had evacuated, and at small parties bringing up his rear, and received the credit for routing Porter from the strong position from which he had repuised Lee so disastrously, Jackson modestly, and by implication, as usual, claiming the credit of the exploit Until within a few years, even Gen. Longstreet entertained this opinion. LEE'S REPULSE AT MECHANICSVILLE

was so disheartening that it is extremely doubtful if he would have renewed the attack on Porter for some days at least, even with combined attack on Porter in the afternoon of the 27th, Jackson to attack Porter's right and him, with the addition of D. H. Hill's Division : Longstreet to attack Porter's left, and A. P. Hill the center, the combined force estimated from 40,000 to 50,000, with 19 batteries; Porter's at 27,000 to 30,000, with 20 batteries. Across the creek, known as the Chickahominy, McClellan in person had his four corps behind their fortifications, facing Richmond, eight or nine miles away. To keep him quiet while he was coolly proposing to crush Porter, Lee trusted to his knowledge of our General's backward character not to interfere, and so left but about 25,000 facing him. Longstreet and A. P. Hill moved to the attack, and became engaged. "Jackson was again missing," so Longstreet says; that is to say, he gave an illustration of his eccentric manner in the Valley, to which Lee's Generals were not accustomed. He crept in behind D. H. Hill with his usual extreme caution, ordered him across the road in front of Porter's right, where he was expected to attack himself; but instead of ordering an attack and attempting to strike a blow. as was expected of him, he stood with Hill upon the defensive, waiting for Longstreet and Hill to drive the Yankees toward him and down the road, so that he might "attack them while retreating," as we saw was his idea in the Valley. Unfortunately for Longstreet and A. P. Hill, it was they that were driven and badly cut up. Jackson was looked up and stirred up, but his Valley troops gave no tangible assistance beyond their presence on the field. Gen. Whiting says of them: "The troops on broken, and no entreaty or command could induce them forward, and I have every reason cover of the wood on the left side of the ra-

The fighting being renewed by Lee (with